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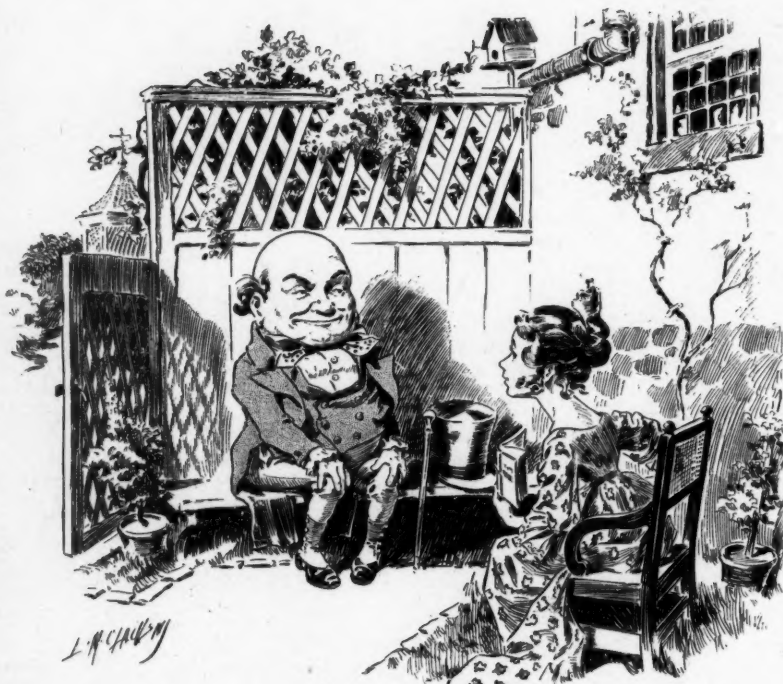
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CÆSAR UP TO DATE.

"HELP ME, CASSIUS, OR I SINK!"

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#### ALL SHE WANTED.

HE.—A maid must not expect such lovers as she finds in books. Few men are paragons.

SHE.—Oh! I should not expect a paragon. I should be satisfied with a lover, young, handsome, brave, noble and unselfish.

#### MY POLITICAL PLATFORM.

**B**EING here assembled, at my own request, in a convention of one, I take pleasure in, deeming it my inalienable right so to do, concocting and promulgating the platform upon which I stand, on my own brazen and defiant hook, as a plain American voter:

I sweepingly and unequivocally condemn every political platform on the market as base and clap-trap imitations of the average railway-car platform, made solely to get in on and not to stand on. I denounce all existing catch-cries, such as, "Prosperity follows the What-d'ye-call-it," "What's-his-name and Reform," "The Star-eyed Goddess of So-and-So," "The Octopus of Anything-you-happen-to-think-of," and so forth, as parrot-phrases originally invented as substitutes for argument and since tintinnabulated from every stump for the pleasure of remastication.

I arraign the Fool Killer for obvious and long-continued malfesance in office, and demand his immediate impeachment. I demand the absolute prohibition of Prohibition and the substitution therefor, and continued use of horse-sense. I heartily indorse money in all its form, except when used as a basis for argument, and recommend that all such discussionists be compelled to fight.

I demand the wide and unrestricted distribution, for one year, of free gold-bricks, free green-goods, free lightning-rods, free biographies of defunct and unimportant Toms, Dicks and Harrys, free electric belts, free fortune-telling, free magnetic healing, free mad-stones, free love potions, and free patent medicines, to the end that the chronically credulous and ever untutored portion of the populace may be enabled to speedily get

plenty; and the introduction, at the end of the specified year, of the bastinado and knout for use upon the soles and bodies of such yokels as still survive and yet desire something for nothing.

I brand as a profanely-qualified liar the man who only consents at the earnest solicitation of his many friends to be a candidate. I reprobate the campaign torch as an invention of the devil, and suggest to the patriot whom nothing will satisfy but that he must have hot grease run down his back that he remain quietly at home and let his loving wife pour a nickel's-worth of melted tallow down the nape of his neck. I condemn the spellbinder as a nuisance and windbag, who does more harm than good to his party. And I demand that the country editors who nail campaign lies, who bewail the condition of the toiling masses, who defy the hydra-headed monsters of monopoly and corruption, who tremble at the encroachments of Wall Street, the Rothschilds, Trusts, and J. Pierpont What's-his-name, who sound clarion notes of warning and see great crises and terrible social revolutions approaching from every point of the compass, and still shudder at the awful crime of '73—I demand that they be taken out and quietly buried in the dark of the moon, as befits corpses that have been dead these many years and don't know it.

I earnestly advocate the elevation to office of the greatest dubs, most irresponsible muts and largest ninkumpoots in each community, particularly to the various state legislatures, and the passage by them of the usual idiotic and lamphool laws, to the end that the outraged public may speedily rise and kill them by ramming their pestilential legal enactments down their throats, thus making room for the election of a class of law-makers whom we can at least mildly love, honor and obey.

The above is the platform upon which I stand as a plain voter, and, I trust, man of sense, let the chips fall where they may.

Tom P. Morgan.

#### IMPERIALISM'S NEW FLIGHT.

UNCLE HIRAM.—Here's a piece in the paper, Mandy, that says the planet Mars is inhabited.

AUNT MANDY.—Wal, there! I bin wonderin' ever since I see about it, what on earth them British had them war balloons for!

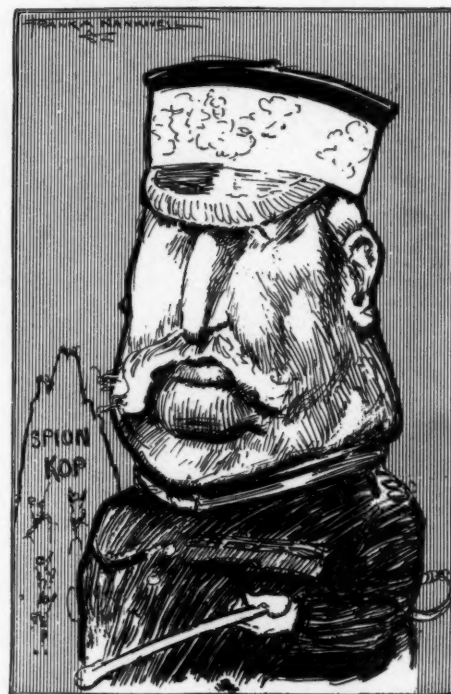
#### A HINT TO "FEED" IT MORE.

THE PROPRIETOR (during the game of poker, sarcastically).—Anyone would t'ink dis heah game wuz bein' played in Mafeking jes' befo' it wuz relieved.

THE DEALER.—How 's dat?

THE PROPRIETOR.—I notice yo's got de kitty on siege rations!

THE BULL movement in South Africa stands some show of being offset by a Bear movement in the Orient.



#### PUCKOGRAPHS. — LVIII.

A BRITISH GENERAL WHO HAD TO LEARN HOW TO SWIM AND CLIMB.





HIS WIFE.—They are natives, of course.  
AMERICAN TOURIST.—Of course! When a man talks French so that I can't understand a word he says I put him down for a Frenchman.

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#### HIS LUCK.

SHE.—Two weeks seems such a short vacation.  
HE.—That depends on where you spend it. I struck a place where it seemed long.

#### HAD HEARD OF THEM BEFORE.

TEACHER.—Yes; the Constitution was adopted in 1879. Now, Johnny, can you tell us anything about the principles of American liberty?  
JOHNNY.—Gee! I should say I could! Pap's been runnin' fer office ever since I kin remember.

#### IN DARKEST AFRICA.

FIRST CHIEF.—That's a dandy new war club you have.

SECOND CHIEF.—Is n't it a beaut? If I could soak some white man with that, his burden would n't bother him!

#### A SERIOUS DIFFICULTY.

MRS. ISAACS.—Vot vos all you boys quarreling apoud?

KEY.—Vell, ve wanted to play ve vos forming a trusdt, but nobody wanted to be der gustomers.

#### HE DEFIED COMPETITION.

SUMMER BOARDER.—What is the maximum temperature here?

FARMER BACKWOODS.—I can't say exactly, but you can bet it's as maximum as it is anywhere!

ALL THAT saves either party from being as bad as the other is the fact that both can't be in power at once.

FAILURES, of course, may be made the stepping-stones to success; but, if you can manage it, there is no harm skipping some of the steps as you go up.

AN INABILITY to find a rhyme for golf has saved the world a good deal of verse which, while not necessarily lacking in merit, would have proved very tiresome.



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#### AN ACCUSATION.

"You're a regular mischief-maker, you are!"  
"I am?"  
"Yes, you are! Yer tryin' to make trouble between me an' a goil dat I'd share me last choc'lit caramel wit'."



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### A NEW ATTRACTION.

"I wonder what Izaak Walton would say if he could see you."  
"Oh! I think Izaak would discover a new reason for going fishing!"

### THE PRICE OF CONSTANT LOYALTY.

"But," said the tourist, "I should think your frequent revolutions would entail an enormous expense upon your people."  
"They do," replied the native of the South American republic.  
"Why, we often have to change flags several times a day!"

### UP TO SNUFF.

THE CITY SPARROW (*in the country*).—Hully Gee! Look at that plumber-billed guy drilling a hole in the tree!

THE BLUEBIRD.—That's only a woodpecker.

THE CITY SPARROW.—All the same, I'm going to get away from here before he puts in the blast.

### IN BOSTON.

MINERVA.—I would n't think of marrying him. Why, he said he hoped he could make me happy!

DIANA.—What is the objection to that?

MINERVA.—Why, he ought to know that mortals are put on earth to fulfill missions—not to be happy!

### AN INQUIRY.

FIRST HEN.—Yes; affliction has visited our coop. My poor sister is gone.

SECOND HEN.—So sorry! Did she pass away with a white man or a colored man?

### HIS IDEA.

"It is one of those symbolical plays. You've heard of dramatic symbolism?"

"Yes; but what the deuce is it?"

"Why, as I understand it, a symbolical play is a sort of problem play in which you have to guess even at what the problem is."

### MUST HAVE.

WIFE.—I opened up an account to-day with another dry goods store, dear!

HUSBAND.—Great Scott! Have they started another one?

WHEN PEOPLE call us lazy we realize that there is a charm about idleness that is only appreciated by the higher type of intellects.

IT IS reasonably certain that if the case could be argued by attorneys who were shrewd enough, before a certain kind of judge, a decision could be obtained that the constitution is unconstitutional.

### THE GIRAFFE HUNTER.



I.

THE HUNTER.—Now, I will show you how easy it is to catch a giraffe.



II.

THE GIRAFFE.—Well, I never saw grapes grow in this manner before; but it is certainly a feast for me!



III.

"I guess I'll commence at the bottom and work my way up."



IV.

"This is a regular merry-go-round."





V. "These grapes grow around this tree in such a funny way!"



VI. "And there's the finest bunch of all. Ah! just wait until I set my mouth for it!"



VII. "Oh! These are simply delicious!"



VIII. "Great Rubberneck! What's that?"

# SOME MYSTERIES OF NATURE.



HAVE JUST heard on the very best authority that there will be no peaches this year—that is, a few million baskets, but none to speak of; although I fail to see why a man can't speak of peaches because there are only a few of them.

It seems that the peaches were all killed by the frost in March. When I heard that, I said that there was always frost in March; but a man who knows explained that the warm weather in February brought out the buds and the frost in March killed them.

Now, I care nothing about peaches when I can't get them, but I must protest about this peach business. I can not remember a year that the peaches were not killed in precisely the same way, and yet the trees never seem to tumble to this confidence game. After seven or eight years experience a peach tree ought to know that warm weather in February is only a bait; but, no! Out come the buds and wave around (or whatever buds do—I am not strong on this point) and then along comes the frost and nips them. The same old game without variation played every year, and the peach tree never learns!

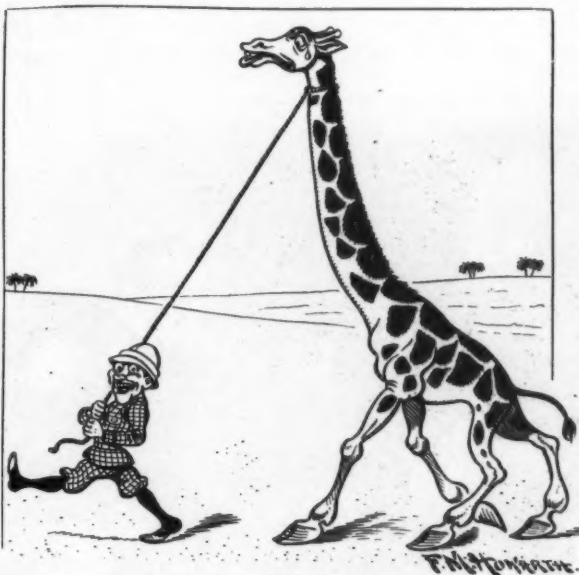
The astounding part of this performance lies in the fact that the peach tree seems to be the only idiot member of the vegetable or animal kingdom. Look how corn behaves! In July or August the corn knows when it is going to be a hard Winter, and puts on a thick coat. As corn is cut down and shucked before Winter comes on it is not apparent why it needs an overcoat, but it just shows its intelligence, and in case it had to stand out in the field all Winter you would never hear it complain.

There's the bee—the busy bee. When a hard Winter is coming the bees know all about it by the first of June, and pitch in like good fellows and store up a lot of honey. Then they go to sleep and the farmer scoops it all out of their hives and puts in some cheap sugar for them to eat, in case they wake up. This teaches them to improve each shining hour next Summer.

You can't fool a beaver on frost and cold. He builds his house extra thick that Summer, and also puts on his back an extra heavy coat of fur, which encourages the hunter to appropriate his hide for ladies' cloaks; and thus is the beaver's sagacity rewarded.

But the most wonderful instance of animal prescience is found in the goose, a creature at which we are apt to sneer, except when served up with gravy and fixings. If the Winter is to be severe, what does the goose do but put dark streaks in his leg-bones, (or, may be, it's the breast-bone,) and when a man sees those streaks he knows it will be cold next January. It is true that no one knows what advantage these streaks are to the goose, as he can't see them; and in order for a man to see them he must dissect the goose. But, no doubt, the goose derives some satisfaction in raising dark streaks, and it is for a wise purpose which will be discovered at the same time as the flying-machine.

These cullings from Nature bring us back, naturally, to the peach-tree and the query why it does not go to the corn, the bee, the beaver and the goose, and be wise. This habit of being caught every year by the same



IX. THE HUNTER.—Now, come along my spotted friend! That's how we round up giraffes!

trick is a blot on its escutcheon, as they say down South. It is too late this year, but next February, when the warm wave toys with its leaves and tries to coax out the buds, we trust that the peach tree will be adamant or dormant, and not let a bud make its debut until the first of May. Then a family will be able to eat peaches three or four times in a season without forcing Papa to go through the bankruptcy court.

Sidney.

# THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is a politician?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—A politician, my son, is a man who hungers and thirsts to sacrifice himself for his country in times of peace.

# THE LORD RESPONSIBLE.

"Does n't it seem a bit like extortion to ask twenty-five cents for a stew which has but one oyster in it?" ventured the Gentile.

"We have prayed the Lord to make it a pearl-oyster," replied the Pharisee, with quiet dignity.

# HIS NEED.

FRIEND.—The doctors don't seem to be able to do anything for you? DYSPEPTIC (*gloomily*).—No; I guess I need a constitutional amendment.

# COLLEGE LIFE.

FIRST COLLEGE MAN.—You say your arrest was a case of mistaken identity?

SECOND COLLEGE MAN.—Yes. The cop had on citizen's clothes and I did n't know he belonged to the police in time to get away.

# EVIDENCE.

ISAACS.—Oppenheimer says he has a real, chenuine den ber cendt. a veek scheme.

COHENSTEIN.—I don't pelieve in such t'ings. How do you know it is chenuine?

ISAACS.—Vell, he von't let nopody in mit him.

# THE AUTOMOBILE.

"No horse on this carriage!" says she, With a light little laugh. Ah! but he Has both his hands busy, So he's not to blame, is he, If he answer, "The horse is on me!"

# PITS AND PITS.

"This is hell!" cried the Bull Operator and tore his hair. Nor was the sentiment devoid of relevancy. For the bottom had dropped out of wheat, which would naturally tend to give the wheat pit something of the aspect of the bottomless pit.



JUNE AND DECEMBER.



Breeze that blows while grows the rose  
That never knew December's snows,  
Ask if she knows the woes of those  
Whose purse felt dissolution's throes  
When winds so cold and bold unrolled  
A counterpane upon the wold,  
And roses sold for gold tenfold  
As much as e'er their cups would hold!  
Ask why the rose that grows and blows  
Glass-shielded from December's snows—  
When winds so cold and bold unrolled  
A sheet of white upon the wold—  
Would always bring a smile for beaux  
Whose untold love was thus well tolled.

When Spring has Winter overbowed,  
And June once more around has rolled,  
Why is it smiles are sparsely doled  
For roses wrought in Nature's mold?  
Why is it such caprice she shows  
When Nature's lavish hand now throws  
A ransom for the Queen of Snows  
Into her lap? Well, I suppose,  
When all at last 's been said and told,  
She's just a maid—the story's old!

Wood Levette Wilson.



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A CLEVER CALCULATOR.

SUNNY SOUTH.—Holler and ask de lady if dat dog is fer sale.

ROUNDER BOUT.—Wot fer?

SUNNY SOUTH.—W'y, if he 's fer sale it shows he 's no good, and we 'll jump right over de fence and rob de clothes-line!

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

TELLER.—I heartily indorse the idea of the United States Mint coining half-cent pieces.

ASKINGTON.—Why so?

TELLER.—Because it will enable Deacon Pinchbrick to contribute to public enterprises all he wants to without risking heart-disease.

SWIFT.

THE GENTILE.—You have a pretty swift fire department here in New York?

THE OTHER.—Swift? Ach! I could almost say boverty vas no rebroach any more, alretty, in New York.

ONE VIEW OF HER.

BUSINESS CALLER (*looking at photograph*).—This is a picture of Mrs. Peckington, I suppose?

PECKINGTON.—Yes; that 's her when she is—er—getting her picture taken.

AT THE SUMMER RESORT.

MAY.—Dull, is n't it?

BELLE.—Awfully! We have n't a thing to do except to explain to one another why we are not in Paris.

IN OLD KENTUCKY.

"The Bowling Green Bangforths have come into their inheritance, and such insufferable airs as they are putting on!"

"Automobile, I suppose?"

"No; but they sent abroad for a machine gun and are using it in their feuds!"

WE ARE all apt to have a slightly resentful feeling that Fate could have made it a great deal easier for us.



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A HOPELESS CASE.

LAWYER.—Perhaps we can make out an alibi!

PRISONER.—I 'se 'fraid not! Dar warn't no pra'r-meeting dat night, no revival, de Tennyson club did n't meet dat night, nor de social purity league;—and, besides, dey kitched me comin' right out ob de coop wif de chickens!

THE ALTERNATIVE.

The collector laid the bill upon the table with a hard, cruel sneer.

"Of course," he said, "you will tell me, as usual, that the Lord will repay me!"

"I trust," replied the clerk of the church, dignifiedly, "you don't imagine I would tell you to go to the devil!"

COULD N'T HOLD HIS HEAD UP.

THE ELEPHANT.—Haw! Haw! How 'd the giraffe get the black eye?

THE MONKEY.—On his way home from the stag party, last night, he stepped on it!

BLANCHE.—I made a regular fool of Harry last night.

CORA (*eagerly*).—Did he really propose?

A POLITICIAN keeps his ears cocked to hear the voice of the people, so that he may know, not what to do, but what to say.

PHILOSOPHY is a beautiful thing. If hornets were philosophers, for instance, how much more satisfactory it would be to the folks who stir up their nests.

IF IN those days there was indeed a breed of whales with throats large enough to swallow a man, it is perhaps not impossible that there was also a breed of camels so small as readily to pass through the eye of a needle.





PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE FREAK OCTOPUS.** THE ICE monopoly in New York promises to monopolize no longer the best thought of jurists, statesmen and kickers, the latter being those who had felt its slimy tentacles going through their pockets for loose change. The price of ice is no longer feverish, and the Trust itself is shown to have been in reality a sort of philanthropic institution. The President was wont to look about him for deserving men, and, having found such, to crowd a couple of hundred thousand dollars onto them, with instructions to buy his company's stock with it. Our ingenuous Mayor has related such an experience, after a modest showing of reluctance; and, now that the secret is out, others, equally deserving, will bring themselves to the notice of this generous magnate, and will, we trust, be similarly boosted into opulence. If it were not for certain carping hints of partiality, this particular octopus would probably suffer no further molestation. As it is, however, certain local students of Trust evolution, having observed that this octopus has a tiger's head, have resolved to take it off in the interests of science. They wish to note if its removal would perceptibly impair the beast's prowess. The octopus, meanwhile, frantically beckons the Hon. Richard Croker to its rescue, and that gentleman is now due. We hope and believe he will find enough in the situation to stimulate his powers of generalship into agreeable and wholesome activity.

**ANTI-TRUST BLUFFS.** A WRETCHED spirit of cynicism has been invoked by the passage of that Republican anti-Trust bill through the House of Representatives. Yet the bill itself is even more radical and rigid than any ever proposed by the Bryan school of political science. If any friend of the plain people can ask more after reading it, he has oversteered his time in this sinful world and should be on his way to promote reform in the Kingdom of Heaven. Then why the cynicism, yea, and the jeers and ribaldry which mock this labor of love done by staunch, brave Congressmen for the relief of us Trust-shackled serfs? If we translate the voice of the mob aright, the impression prevails that the Republican party is insincere in the matter. More than once we have heard the rude word "bluff" applied to its action. It is pointed out even by Republican newspapers that until the tariff privileges are withdrawn from favored Trusts, the charge of bad faith must lie against the party. The bill in question does not do this. Indeed, the majority refused to adopt a minority amendment giving the President authority to transfer to the free-list articles controlled by "combinations in restraint of trade." It is further asserted that no Republican voting for this bill believed it would ever get so much as a hearing in the Senate, or that it could be enforced under the constitution if by some miracle it were passed. It is also prophesied by these cynics that Republican orators will presently point with pride to the bill as evidence of their party's stand against Trusts. We shall be interested to observe if any Republican orator has the effrontery to do this.

**VICTIMS OF CIVILIZATION.** THE SUPPLY of Democratic campaign slogans is one less by reason of the British victory in South Africa. The "George Washington of the Philippines" cry seems also to be less used than formerly, certain contrasts between the characters of Messrs. Washington and Aguinaldo having been drawn to its disadvantage. Let the political heart-bleeders on Mr. Bryan's staff feel no loss, however, for a new aspirant is up for their sympathy. President McKinley and his administration may now be denounced with the usual phrases in such cases made and provided, for their criminal failure to succor bleeding China. We await the early eruption of Mr. Edward Atkinson, the salty sonnets of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, laureate of the distressed, the cyclonic sympathy of the Hon. Billy Mason and the measured syphonics of Congressman Seltzer.

And the queer thing about it is that China, on strictly moral grounds deserves more sympathy than she will ever get even from the professional

sympathizers. But, for that matter, so did the North American Indians in 1492; so did Montezuma and his Mexicans; so did the slaughtered Incas of Peru; so did the Filipinos and so do the Boers. Upon strictly moral grounds, be it remembered. And especially the Chinese. No people has ever so religiously minded its own business; none has ever given so little excuse for aggression. No Chinese dynasty has ever fought except to protect those sacred rights which all nations defend for themselves to the bitter end, or to some sort of end. Upon strictly moral grounds the seizure of China will be the most flagrant outrage in all history, which is but a catalogue of crimes. Yet it will be honestly lauded by the world's highest statesmanship, and hypocritically lauded by the Church; and, what is strangest of all, the world will be better for it: civilization will be advanced; genuine enlightenment will spread; and the purpose of our creation, whatever it is, be furthered. And the motive back of it all will be plain, bald greed, the one basic motive power that makes progress possible. Lacking it we would never have left the stone age; rather, we would never have achieved a stone age. Those people who conceive civilization to be a sort of drawing-room affair, with light refreshments and an orchestra behind the potted palms, are naturally distressed when some nation or tribe bumps against this law. But the difficulty is that we are in a scheme where our highest conception of strictly moral grounds has never prevailed. If they will look backward they will see that, on strictly moral grounds, they are not entitled even to a foothold on this earth. To sustain them through the approaching trials of China we can only say that if anybody did plan this world it must have been somebody that knew how.

**WOMEN COLORED AND OTHERS.** THE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS has been having a session out in Milwaukee; or, more accurately, a ruction. For the proceedings have been enlivened if not dignified by a squabble over the color-line. Having accepted the dues of the New Era Club of Boston, the Federation refused to admit the delegate of that club to its convention, the delegate in question, Mrs. Joseph St. Pierre Ruffin, being, in our quaint U. S. vernacular, "colored." As a result, the papers on such subjects as "Our Goal of To-day," "The Quality of Mercy," "Individuality in Dress" and "The Show Window" have been interspersed with legal proceedings and lots of cross talk. The doctrine that all men are brothers has received official recognition. That all women are sisters does not seem yet to be even a working hypothesis.



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## A SIGN.

MR. POPLEIGH.—They are having another lovers' quarrel down in the parlor.  
MRS. POPLEIGH.—How do you know?  
MR. POPLEIGH.—The light is on full head!

JOITMANN LITH. CO. PUCH BLDG. N.Y.



A HINT FROM HISTORY.

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PUCK





THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

FIRST COW.—That silly calf! He's inquisitive enough to want to know how a bee tastes!  
SECOND COW.—He's more likely to find out that it tastes hotter than horse-radish.

LOCAL ITEMS.

FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL (WASHINGTON, D. C.) RECORD AND INTELLIGENCER.



IN APOLOGIZING for issuing three days' late this week, we wish to state that Auntie Hoar came into our office Monday afternoon while we were out, it being just second tod time, and jammed a clothes-pole through the interior of our elegant new Washington handpress.

It was not until yesterday that we got things in running order again. We presume that this high-handed piece of business was on account of our scattering an adult's dose of buckshot in the immediate vicinity of Auntie's yellow pup, Aguinaldo, Sunday morning. We meant nothing by this bit of playfulness and thought that a little excitement would probably do Ag's rheumatism good. The last we saw of the pup he was hitting the pike at a very creditable rate of momentum, considering the fact that his off hind-leg was playing a purely ornamental part in the proceedings. Now, far be it from us to hold out any threats toward a lady, but we must observe that it is mighty lucky for some people that the county has abolished the use of the gag-bridle for common scolds.

It is with mingled feelings of grief and shame that we mention the recent disgraceful affair between Andy Carnegie and Hank Frick. As Hank passed down High Street he met Andy coming out of Mark Hanna's general store, where he had been to trade a coonskin for an axhelve. Hank was accoutred with a hoe handle, and, as luck would have it, all the loafers in front of the tavern had just stepped inside to take a drink with George Dewey, the enterprising and popular candidate for Poormaster. There was not a soul in sight to keep the belligerents apart, we having gone behind Beveridge's pump in order to avoid any flying debris. It was thus that we witnessed the humiliating spectacle in full, Hank merely slinking down one side of the street and Andy up the other. After all the talk that has been passed between these worthies the least we expected was a catch-as-catch-can jawing match. But, as Shakspeare justly says, "O tempora! O mores!"

Don't fail to attend the concert to be given next Saturday at Zebulon M. E. Church for the benefit of Friendship Tent, Grandsons of Jonadab. Billy Mason will sing a coon song and chorus, "My Filipino Baby;" Will Sulzer will recite, "Curfew Shall Not Ring November Fourth;" Johnny Hay will render an original dialect poem, entitled, "A Little Man in Big Breeches;" Little Lem Quigg, the child phenomenon, will tackle "When We Ran With the Old Machine;" Ly Gage will perform a few highly moral tricks with coins; and other features too numerous to mention. Tickets at Root's Drug Store, and at this office. Come one, come all! Admission, two bits.

John Long, better known as "Shorty," called on us recently and presented us with a load of hickory wood in acknowledgment of the obituary we published last issue on the demise of his mule, Vice-Presidential Candidacy. The mule was a harmless sort of critter, but was never very stout, and, as Uncle Chaunce remarks, his name was probably too hefty for him. Call again, John!

We regret to inform our readers that Web Davis has moved his residence from this township. Web has not decided just where he will locate yet, but gossip says that he is thinking some of spending a few days in Kansas City (Mo.) when the weather gets warmer.

Pay up, people! If your subscription is overdue we expect you to call at once and settle, unless you are desirous of having a heart-to-heart talk with the sheriff. Come to taw!

Building is brisk. Two stores, a blacksmith-shop, and a shooting gallery during the past sixty days, to say nothing of all the fencing Will McKinley is doing.

We received a very pleasant call lately from the sporting editor of the *War Cry*. He reports good business and a rapidly growing circulation in Kentucky.

Mr. Perry Belmont, of New York (N. Y.), was recently in our midst, attending the meeting of the Young Men's Anti-Cigarette League.

W. S. Adkins.

HIS LATEST GO.

Your Uncle Sam is an Island King. Says he: "I'm late, I know; But I'll have a go at this sort of thing,—An Archipela—go!"

BUT THEY DON'T TURN THE OTHER CHEEK.

WARWICK.—I've read that the Boers are a very religious people; that they never use profanity in any form.

WICKWIRE.—No; so I've read. Why, it is said that they won't even use "dum-dum" bullets without apologizing!



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AN OPINION.

"These roof gardens are delightful." "Yes, indeed! Without them the city would be as dull as some of the summer resorts."





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### THE DIME-MUSEE.

FER FULL a year my Ma kep' sayin',  
When she kep' me in from playin',  
To feel the joy that duty brings  
And wash up all the supper things  
And fetch in piles of kindlin' wood  
And help her as a Christian should:  
"When yer birthday comes," says she,  
"I'll take you to the Dime-Musee."

Well, it come at last, you see,  
And Ma she fixed me up, by gee!  
Sue, she wore her Sunday things  
And her little hat that has pink strings.  
I had new pants from Uncle John  
And my waist with little horseshoes on,  
And Ma had frizzes, too, dear me!  
And off we went to the Dime-Musee.

Well, I'm not sayin' it was n't fine,  
But I want a bit more view in mine.  
The crowd kep' pushin' to and fro  
And Ma held to my hand, you know,  
And jerked this way and that — no jokin' —  
Until I thought I'd die of chokin'.  
Honest, I believed I'd rather be  
In Jericho than the Dime-Musee!

When there was something fine to see  
Why, Ma stood plump in front of me;  
And when I says, "I can't see that,"  
She says, "Hush! where's yer manners at?"  
I saw two monkeys scratch their chins  
And caught a glimpse of the mermaid's fins;  
But, till I'm bigger than Ma, by gee!  
I've had enough of the Dime Musee!

O'Neill Latham.

## THE Keeley Cure

**Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using**

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

Address THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either  
Hot Springs, Ark.  
San Francisco, Cal.  
1170 Market St.  
West Haven, Conn.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proof of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following institutions:

Washington, D. C. 211 North Capitol St. Dwight, Ill. Marion, Ind. 1903 South Adams St. Crab Orchard, Ky.	New Orleans, La. 1655-57 Felicite St. Portland, Me. 151 Congress St. Lexington, Mass. Minneapolis, Minn. Cor. 10th St. & Park Ave.	St. Louis, Mo. 2908 Locust St. North Conway, N. H. Buffalo, N. Y. 255 Niagara St.	White Plains, N. Y. Greensboro, N. C. Columbus, Ohio. 90 N. 4th St.	Philadelphia, Pa. 812 N. Broad St. Pittsburg, Pa. 424 Fifth Ave.	Providence, R. I. Richmond, Va. 1012 E. Marshall St. Waukegan, Wis.
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"Non-Hereditary of Inebriety," by Dr. LESLIE F. KEELEY, mailed upon application.

### New York Sun Says Editorially, Dec. 12th, 1899.

\*\*\*\* Since undue alcoholic stimulation affects first the judgment, weakening it seriously, it is known to be responsible for a great part of the business failures. The really notable financiers of Wall Street do not belong to the "cocktail brigade," clearness of head and soundness of judgment being too indispensable to them. Only the small fry depend on "whiskey courage." \*\*\*\* Drunkenness has become disreputable, or is pitied as the manifestation of a deplorable disease. In all callings in life, from the highest to the lowest, sobriety is more and more at a premium and intemperance is more and more distrusted. The temperance agitation which has been most effectual, therefore, has been SCIENTIFIC rather than purely moral and religious. For the old-fashioned "temperance pledge" of the days of Gough, the specific medical treatment of dipsomania as a disease has been substituted, and men are temperate from intelligent regard for the preservation of their sanity. \*\*\*\* Wall Street is filled with the stock and bonds of vast consolidated industrial enterprises which can only be maintained prosperously by the continuance in their management of a succession of peculiar administrative talents. \*\*\*\* At this time, therefore, men have found out that they cannot drink to excess if they are to hold their own. Science and invention have opened up and are steadily extending fields of labor wherein the keenest intelligence in the mechanic is requisite, so that he cannot afford to fuddle his head with drink; he must be a man who can always be depended on or he will be driven out. Never before was suspicion of intemperance in a worker so fatal to his success as now. Every man who is wise keeps himself constantly in fighting trim for the contest. \*\*\*\* Drunkenness has gone out of vogue both as a fashionable and as a popular amusement. It is a habit in which only those whose health and life are valueless to themselves and to everybody else can afford to indulge.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. It cures by removing the cause. The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Address the Institute nearest you.

### A DOG'S LIFE.

BROWN.—Yes; Jones married a rich wife, but he leads a dog's life.

JONES.—Is that so?

BROWN.—Yes; he does n't do a blessed thing but lay around the house and go out for an airing between meals.  
—Detroit Free Press.

THE men on top in a business enterprise are the ones that get in on the ground floor.—Indianapolis News.

THE devil enjoys himself in the company of people who are well pleased with themselves.—Ram's Horn.

AFTER ALL, has n't it occurred to you that you get the greatest comfort out of the plain, plug people?—Atchison Globe.

Headaches and loss of appetite are common complaints in the Spring. Try Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters and beware of cheap domestic substitutes.

## CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

## WURLITZER BEATS THE WORLD Brass Band

INSTRUMENTS, DRUMS, ETC.  
Reduced Prices. Don't buy until you see new 80-pp. Cat. B. MAILED FREE.  
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.  
192 E. Fourth Street, CINCINNATI, O.

### THE SOCIETY MOTHER.

"She's always boasting of her children."  
"Yes; the nurse tells her such remarkable stories about them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

ANOTHER model Vermont bank officer has eloped with a goodly portion of the funds of the institution. About the only thing he left behind is a vacancy in a Sunday-school of which he was the superintendent. — Washington Post.

### "DUQUESNE LIMITED" BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

"The Duquesne Limited" is the popular train between Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York City, leaving Pittsburgh daily at 6.30 P. M., arriving Philadelphia 5.35 A. M., New York 7.50 A. M. Returning leave New York 7.00 P. M., Philadelphia 9.35 P. M., arriving Pittsburgh 8.55 A. M. This is the popular business man's train, allowing him one full day to transact business in either of the cities. Elegant Pullman Accommodations and Dining Car Service. The first-class rate for this train, Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, or vice versa, only \$8.00; Pittsburgh to New York, or vice versa, \$9.00.

## H. & I. Collars

ORONDO 2 3/4 in  
VINSON 2 1/2 in  
SORRENTO 2 1/4 in  
ORANOLA 2 in

### SUMMER COLLAR COMFORT.

The celebrated H. & I. Brand collars are comfortable, easy-fitting collars. They are designed with intelligent care, and fit the neck of the wearer, instead of a theory of what his neck ought to be. When you get your right size and correct height in H. & I. collars you will have got just the collars you ought to have, from every point of view. They are always correct in style, and are made of carefully selected, reliable linens. They last longer, and look better, and fit better than any other collars sold at the price. If you do not find them at your dealer's, send us 25 cents, giving the style, size and height you wish, and we will send you two collars of perfect satisfaction. Ask for our free "Style Book for Men."

HOLMES & IDE, Department P., Troy, N. Y.

IROQUOIS 3 in.  
LEIGHTON 2 1/2 in.

## 2 For 25c

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE  
LIST OF THE HIGHEST  
GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom  
5th Ave., cor. 32d St. in Greater New  
York.

CHEW

## Beeman's

The  
Original  
Pepsin  
Gum



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

# Pears'

What is wanted of soap  
for the skin is to wash it  
clean and not hurt it.  
Pure soap does that. This  
is why we want pure soap;  
and when we say pure,  
we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free  
alkali. There are a thou-  
sand virtues of soap; this  
one is enough. You can  
trust a soap that has no  
biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially  
druggists; all sorts of people use it.



Rae's  
Lucca  
Olive  
Oil...

Combines  
Perfection  
of Quality  
with  
Absolute  
Purity

S. RAE & CO.,  
Leghorn, Italy.  
Established 1836.

Established 1823.  
**WILSON  
WHISKEY.**  
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore Md.

A MORTIFYING  
PAST.

"I wish I had staid  
away from that for-  
tune-teller."  
"Did n't she prom-  
ise you a prosperous  
and pleasant future?"  
"Yes; but she told  
me I had an uncle  
who blew out the  
gas." — *Detroit Free  
Press.*

*Absolutely Reliable Always*

## Remington

Standard Typewriter.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,  
327 Broadway, New York.

SHIRKING RESPONSIB-  
ILITY.

"Well, this is great,  
I must say."  
"What?"  
"Our French teacher  
sends a note to ask  
that if we meet any of  
her friends in Paris we  
will kindly not men-  
tion that we studied  
with her." — *Chicago  
Record.*

WHAT ARE THE

## "Club Cocktails?"



Drinks that are famous the  
world over. Made from the  
best of liquors and used  
by thousands of men and  
women in their own homes  
in place of tonics, whose  
composition is unknown.  
Are they on your side-  
board?

Would not such a drink  
put new life into the tired  
woman who has shopped  
all day? Would it not be  
the drink to offer to the  
husband when he returns  
home after his day's busi-  
ness?

Choice of Manhattan,  
Martini, Tom or Holland  
Gin, Vermouth, York or  
Whisky.

For sale by all Fancy Gro-  
cers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.



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AS A RULE.

EDITH.— He says I am a pearl of great price!

ETHEL.— Yes; but fellows who talk like that never have the price!

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is the pure  
juice of the grape naturally fermented. For bouquet  
it has no superior.

Don't dally along with dyspepsia—it's danger-  
ous. Cure it quickly by taking regular doses of  
Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. It never  
fails.

AN EDUCATIONAL  
PROGRAMME.

"Is your boy's edu-  
cation nearly com-  
plete?" asked the  
friend.

"Yes," answered  
the man who is noth-  
ing if not sarcastic.  
"He knows the clas-  
sics and the higher  
mathematics and  
logic and philosophy  
pretty thoroughly.  
I'm going to see if I  
can't put the finishing  
touches on his culture  
and get him so he  
can calculate the in-  
terest on a thirty-day  
note without getting  
brain-fag and read the  
daily news without  
yawning." — *Washing-  
ton Star.*

"What places of  
note did you visit  
while in the Old  
Country?"

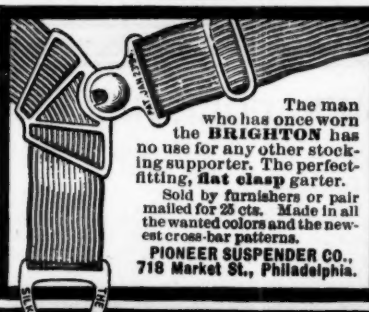
"One of the cities  
I visited was Stopper  
in Ireland."

"Stopper? Why,  
man, there is no such  
place as that in Ire-  
land! You mean Cork."

"Yes; that's it! I  
knew it was some-  
thing about a bottle."  
— *Norristown Herald.*



A DAINY  
TOILET  
NECESSITY.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY.



**BRIGHTON  
SILK GARTER**

SUE BRETTE.— Is  
the new piece real-  
istic?

FOOT LIGHTS.—  
Well, I should say so!  
Why, you know, the  
couple get married  
and go to housekeep-  
ing, and the wife  
bakes cake right in  
sight of the audience,  
and her husband eats  
it.

SUE BRETTE.— Oh,  
pshaw! I did n't know  
it was a tragedy! —  
*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN a preacher  
wants to tell a piece  
of gossip, he excuses  
himself by saying that  
he does it "to illus-  
trate a point." — *At-  
chison Globe.*

THE harm of a  
creed is in converting  
it from a staff into a  
club. — *Ram's Horn.*

UP to the present  
no one has taken the  
pains to sympathize  
with the person who  
supplied the geo-  
graphical names for  
South Africa. — *Wash-  
ington Post.*

## Grand Cañon of Arizona

Most wonderful scene in the  
world, now quickly and  
comfortably reached by rail  
instead of by a long stage ride.

An inexpensive side  
excursion to a California  
trip on the

## Santa Fe Route

For full particulars  
apply to

General Passenger Office  
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Co.  
CHICAGO.

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10  
to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.,  
Dept. 1. L. Lebanon, Ohio.



Golfers, Tourists, Cyclists,  
Yachtsmen, Summer Resorters,

and all members of the Great  
Army of Pleasure-Seekers,  
should pin your faith to

## Evans' Ale

for being the only truly good  
beverage that can always be  
depended upon.

Refreshing,  
Appetizing, Satisfying,  
Easy to Get,  
Easy to Serve, Always Ready,  
No Sediment.

Any Dealer anywhere will supply it.



If it isn't  
an Eastman,  
it isn't  
a Kodak.



Folding  
Pocket  
Kodaks have  
achromatic  
lenses, automatic  
shutters, are made of  
aluminum and load in  
daylight. \$10.00 to  
\$17.50.  
Eastman Kodak Co.  
Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

### The Water of the Banquet Menu



### White Rock OZONATED LITHIA WATER

White Rock is selected for the first-class  
banquet menu because it has the sparkle  
and piquancy of charged water without  
the harshness and burn; because it  
keeps the intellect clear and the appetite  
keen. Its exclusive mellow quality en-  
hances the pleasure of any refection.

Four pints of White Rock will be sent anywhere in the United  
States, prepaid, upon receipt of \$1.00. After drinking four  
pints you will buy it regularly of your dealer. Booklet FREE.

White Rock Mineral Spring Company,  
Waukesha, Wis.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

## MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

### BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,  
durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at  
dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



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### EMINENTLY PREFERABLE.

FARMER GIDDAP.—Gabe Swank swears he won't shave his face till William  
Jennin's Bryan is elected President and Free Silver triumphs at the polls.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—That's the first real smart scheme I ever heard of  
Gabe havin'. It is a whole lot more picturesque and profitable to have whiskers  
forty feet long and draw an enormous salary as a side-show attraction than it is  
to have sense and be simply one of the majority.

### SENSIBLE.

STERN PAPA.—So that young whipper-snapper, Smith, wants to marry  
you?

DAUGHTER.—Yes, Papa. What did you say?

STERN PAPA.—I did n't say anything. I would n't listen to him.

DAUGHTER (in tears).—O Papa! when you—

STERN PAPA.—Don't you begin, now. I won't have it. That's why I  
shut him up. What do I want to hear a whole lot of promises and prospectus  
talk and half-page advertising business about what he thinks of you and what he  
will do, and all that, for? I don't. Go 'long and get married if you want to,  
and the Lord have mercy on you. I'll give you a check for \$25,000 on your  
wedding day, so you can be just as sassy to him as you want to be. Run along,  
now, and don't bother me.—Detroit Free Press.

### A LESSON—PERHAPS.

SHARP FATHER.—I believe that handsome  
stranger has fallen in love with you, my dear.

EXTRAVAGANT DAUGHTER.—Do you? Why?

SHARP FATHER.—I saw him gazing sadly at  
that expensive dress you have on.—New York  
Weekly.

### AN INFANT INDUSTRY.

DE WRITER.—What are you doing now?

SCRIBBLER.—Writing \$10,000 prize stories for  
the Great North American Literary Syndicate.

"What do they pay you?"

"Ten dollars a week."—New York Weekly.

### UTTERLY RIDICULOUS.

MAY.—These post-office clerks are just simple.

I gave one a letter to-day, and he said it needed another stamp because it was  
overweight.

FAY.—Well?

MAY.—Goodness! don't you see? Another stamp would make it still  
heavier.—Catholic Standard and Times.

### TACKLED BY A TRAMP.

"Weary, I'm goin' to tackle dis yer Dr. Pearson's rules fer livin' to a  
green old age."

"Wot are they, Dusty?"

"Keep cool, don't git excited, don't overload de stummick, don't eat late  
suppers, an' take a snooze after dinner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.—By Jove! I re-  
member now what that  
string's on my finger for!  
To remind me to go to the  
dentist!



TRADE MARK.

## Excellence

Its true excellence has won for  
it the most pronounced success

The superior qualities of

## Hunter Whiskey

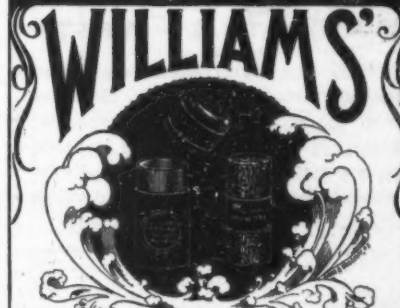
baffle imitation and  
defy competition.

It is just the thing always,

UNIQUE and UNIFORM.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers,  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

INCOMPARABLE FOR THEIR GREAT  
CREAMY LUXURIOUS LATHER



## SHAVING SOAPS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts.  
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 50 cts.  
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.  
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cts.  
Jersey Cream (Toilet) Soap, 15 cts.  
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 Round Cakes,  
1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 5c. stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,  
CLASTONBURY, CONN.

After the meal is over,  
When you have eaten the pie,  
Sometimes a feeling comes o'er you  
As if you wanted to die;  
But stay, there's a relief for that feeling—  
That feeling of dire distress,  
'T is—listen to me while I tell you—  
"Tabules R.I.P.A.N.S." (To be spelled.)

AGENTS EARN \$75.00 TO \$250.00  
A MONTH



### SELLING TRANSPARENT HANDLE KNIVES.

An article of every-day use—every person a possible  
customer—best of materials, sharp, Name,  
address and emblems of societies and trades, photos,  
etc., beneath handles. Many other advantages. Makes  
large and rapid sales.

WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Good Commission Paid.

Send 2c. stamp for terms and circulars.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar Street,  
CANTON, O.

## GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

### BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

**RED TOP RYE**  
THE WHISKEY  
OF WHISKIES.



If you're going  
on a trip,  
Take a friendly  
little tip:  
Place a bottle in  
your grip—  
**RED TOP RYE.**

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons,  
ST. JOSEPH, Mo. CINCINNATI, O.  
Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**  
52, 54 and 56 Bleecker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 50 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
**—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

These Cigars are manufactured under  
the most favorable climatic conditions and  
from the mildest blends of Havana to-  
bacco. If we had to pay the imported  
cigar tax our brands would cost double the  
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

**CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.**

#### UNNECESSARY.

MRS. HIRAM OFFEN. — Dinah, I  
hope you did n't forget to wash the fish  
before you put it in to bake?

NEW SERVANT. — Mah Lan! Whut  
fur Ah gwine wash a fish dat's a-libin'  
in de watah all hits life? — *Catholic  
Standard and Times.*

#### A RUDE BIRD.

"When Delia's young man calls she  
has to put her parrot out of the room."  
"What for?"

"Oh! her father taught it to screech,  
'Time to go!' whenever the clock  
strikes." — *Detroit Free Press.*

#### SPOILED CHILDREN.

JINKS. — There's one good thing  
about spoiled children.

BINKS. — What's that?

JINKS. — One never has them in one's  
own house. — *New York Weekly.*

YEAST. — With so much shooting  
down in Kentucky, one would think  
there would be more men shot.

CRIMSONBEAK. — Well, there are a  
great many who get "half-shot," you  
know. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

THE picture man he shuddered,  
When he took Aunt Hannah's first;  
For the camera cost money,  
And he felt he hardly durst.  
— *Indianapolis News.*

MANY a man puts a fine monument  
over the grave of his wife, who made her  
get up and light the fire every morning.  
— *Ram's Horn.*



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#### SHE GIVES HIM A TESTIMONIAL.

GROCER. — You know I keep the best of groceries and my prices are as  
low as anybody's.

MRS. GROGAN. — Well, that's as it may be; but I will say that ye can  
jolly yer customers aigual to anny man in the business!

#### SENSELESS PRIDE.

MOTHER. — What? Going to marry that fellow Ginsling? He's a bartender.


DAUGHTER. — You need n't talk. Your only son tends a soda fountain in a  
prohibition town. — *New York Weekly.*

## AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS

are described and shown on a map in No. 3 of  
the New York Central's "Four-Track Series,"  
just out. A very convenient thing to refer to  
if you contemplate a trip to some resort.

A copy will be sent free on receipt of a postage stamp, by  
George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station,  
New York.

**Ready  
for  
a  
Run**



The man who wears the President Improved Suspender  
is ready for a run or a ride, for working or for walking.  
He has the best equipment in suspenders that it is pos-  
sible to secure. It does away with belts and buckles.  
It relegates to the past the old fashioned leather  
straps that served as suspenders.

**President Suspender**  
**IMPROVED**

is so constructed that it readily adjusts itself to every  
bend of the body. Trimmings will not rust. Be sure  
you get the genuine. Refuse imitations.

**\$1500.00 FOR YOUR ESTIMATE.**

Every purchaser of President Suspender is entitled to take part in  
the Presidential Vote Contest. \$1500.00 in gold as prizes. Full in-  
formation given with each suspender. At all dealers or direct from  
us, 50 cts. postpaid. Contest is open now. Closes Nov. 5th.

**THE C. A. EDGATTON MFG. CO., Box 218-Shirley, Mass.**

## Surveying

is one way to a successful career  
as a Civil Engineer. Mechan-  
ical and Architectural Draft-  
ing are stepping stones to  
paying professions. Busy men  
can prepare by our method of  
teaching by mail to

### Take a Better Position

No interruption of work. No loss  
of salary. Courses in Bridge,  
Steam, Electrical or Civil En-  
gineering. Architectural or  
Mechanical Drafting, Archi-  
tecture, Book-keeping, Short-  
hand, English Branches.

THE INTERNATIONAL  
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,  
Box 918, SCRANTON, PA.



MRS. CRIMSONBEAK. — I just went  
into the store out of curiosity.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK. — I did n't know  
a woman was ever out of that. — *Yonkers  
Statesman.*

**KAISER MOUSTACHE**  
**TRAINER**  
Trains moustache in 5 minutes for all  
day. New thing. Rapid seller. No com-  
petition. Agents **\$5 a DAY**  
Sample 50 cents.  
BEFORE. DOHNER MFG. CO., 29 State, Chicago, Ill. AFTER.

### A VALUABLE PUBLICATION.

#### The Pennsylvania Railroad 1900 Summer Excursion Route Book.

On June 1 the Passenger Department of the  
Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish  
the 1900 edition of its Summer Excursion Route  
Book. This work is designed to provide the pub-  
lic with descriptive notes of the principal Sum-  
mer Resorts of Eastern America, with the best  
routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare.  
It contains all the principal seashore and moun-  
tain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hun-  
dred different routes or combinations of routes.  
The book has been compiled with the greatest  
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"What was the matter?"

"He's a little nearsighted, and he  
says that five minutes after he got the  
cart empty he could n't tell for the life  
of him which streets he had sprinkled."

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

#### A HOPEFUL VIEW.

HE (*despondently*). — Our marriage  
will have to be postponed. I have lost  
my situation, and have no income at  
all.

SHE (*hopefully*). — That does n't  
matter now, my dear! I've learned  
how to trim my own hats. — *New York  
Weekly.*

#### ALL WORRY.

A pauper is a man 'at always worries  
quite a lot

Becos he can't accumerlate no money.  
The plutercrat he worries for fear 'at  
what he's got

'Ll git away from him. Now, ain't it  
funny?

— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

OF course, hard luck does overtake  
some men, but it will usually be found  
that they were sitting down when they  
were overtaken. — *Indianapolis News.*

IT won't do any good to pray for the  
South Sea Islander so long as you won't  
speak to the man who lives in the next  
house. — *Ram's Horn.*



# NEEDED ROOM.

MRS. GRUMMPS (*looking over new house*).—What in the world is that vast attic for?

MR. GRUMMPS.—It's to hold the things that you buy and can't use.—*New York Weekly*.

# HIS REASON.

"What is your favorite recitation?" asked the hostess.

"Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," answered Mr. Blykins with a promptness which was almost defiant.

"Why, nobody recites that any more!"

"That's why I like it."—*Washington Star*.


# PREPARATORY.

BOOKKEEPER.—Your wife is at the door, sir, and would like to speak with you a moment.

MR. SELLERS.—Yes; just see what my balance at the bank is, will you?—*Harper's Bazar*.

CHURCH.—Too much light is bad for the eyes, you know.

GOTHAM.—Perhaps so; but no man ever lost his eyesight from looking on the bright side of things.—*Yonkers Statesman*.




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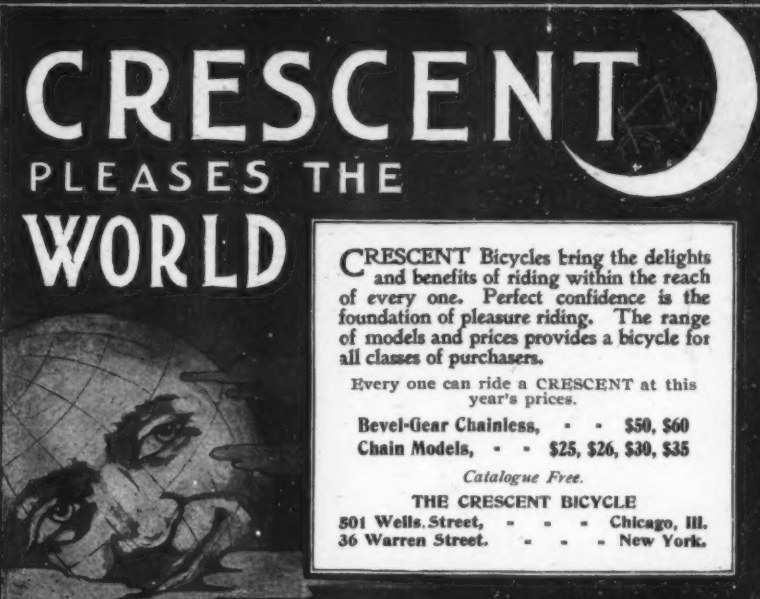
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